Gon. I haue bene worth the whistle.

Enter the Duke of Albeney.

Alb. O *Gonorill*, you are not worth the dust which the winde
Blowes in your face, I feare your disposition,
That nature which contemnes it origin,
Cannot be bordered certaine in it selfe,
She that her selfe will sliuer and disbranch
From her materiall sap, perforce must wither,
And come to deadly vse.

Gon. No more, the text is foolish.

Alb. Wisedome and goodnesse to the vilde seeme vilde,
Filths sauour but themselues, what haue you done?
Tygers, not daughters, what haue you perform'd?
A father, and a gracious aged man,
Whose reuerence the head-lugd Beare would licke;
Most barbarous, most degenerate haue you madded;
Could my good brother suffer you to do it?
A man, a Prince, by him so benefliсted,
If that the heauens do not their visible spirits
Send quickly downe to tame the vilde offences, it will come
Humanly must perforce prey on it selfe, like monsters of the deepe.

Gon. Milke liuer'd man,
That bearest a cheeke for blowes, a head for wrongs,
Who hast not in thy browes an eie deseruing thine honour,
From thy suffering, that not know'st fooles, do these villains pity
Who are punisht ere they haue done their mischiefe,
Where's thy drum? *France* spreds his banners in our noiseless Land, with plumed helme thy slaier begins threats,
Whiles thou a morall foole, sits still and cries
Alacke, why does he so?

Alb. See thy selfe diuell, proper deformiry seemes not in the fiend, so horrid as in woman.

Gon. O vaine foole.

Alb. Thou chang'd and selfe-couerd thing, for shame
Be-monster not thy feature, wer't my fitnesse

To let these hands obey my bloud,
They are apt enough to dislecate and teare
Thy flesh and bones, how ere thou art a fiend,
A womans shape doth shield thee.

Gon. Marry your man-hood now———

Enter a Gentleman.

Alb. What newes?

Gent. O my good Lord, the Duke of *Cornwalls* dead, slaine by his seruant, going to put out the other eie of *Gloster*.

Alb. *Glosters* eyes?

Gen. A seruant that he bred, thrald with remorse,
Oppos'd against the acte, bending his sword
To his great master, who thereat enraged,
Flew on him, and amongst them feld him dead,
But not without that harmfull stroke,
Which since hath pluckt him after.

Alb. This shewes you are aboue your Iustices,
That these our neather crimes so speedily can venge.
But oh poore *Gloceſter*, lost he his other eye?

Gent. Both, both my Lord, this letter Madam craues a speedy Answer, tis from your sister.

Gon. One way I like this well,
But being widow, and my *Gloceſter* with her,
May all the building on my fancy plucke,
Vpon my hatefull life, another way the newes is not so tooke,
Ile reade and answer. *Exit.*

Alb. Where was his sonne when they did take his eies?

Gent. Come with my Lady hither.

Alb. He is not here.

Gent. No my good Lord, I met him backe againe.

Alb. Knowes he the wickednesse?

Gent. I my good Lord, twas he inform'd against him,
And quit the house on purpose, that their punishment
Might haue the freer course.

Alb. *Gloceſter*, I liue to thanke thee for the loue
Thou shewedst the King, and to reuenge thy eyes;